Young *Abraham*: *Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger maid.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him,
I conjure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laide it, and conjured it downe,
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire and honest, and in his mistresse name,
I conjure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
To be consorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
Romeo goodnight Ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we goe?

Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*

Ro. He iests at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder windowe breaks?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,

That

That thou her maid art far mo
Be not her maid since she is en
Her vestal liuery is but sicke
And none but fooles doe wea
It is my Lady, O it is my loue,
She speakes yet she sayes noth
Her eye discourses, I will ans
I am too bold tis not to me sh
Two of the faireſt starres in al
Hauing some busines do entr
To twinckle in their spheres
What if her eyes were there, t
The brightnesse of her cheek
As day-light doth a lampe, he
Would through the ayrie regi
That birds would sing, and th
See how she leanes her cheek
O that I were a gloue vpon th
That I might touch that cheek

Iuli. Ay me

Rom. She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright ange
As glorious to this night bein
As is a winged messenger of h
Vnto the white vpturned wo
Of mortalls that fall backe to
When he bestrides the lazie p
And sailes vpon the bosome o

Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, where
Denie thy father and refuse th
Or if thou wilt not, be but swo
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*

Rom. Shall I heare more, o

Iuls. Tis but thy name tha
Thou art thy selfe, though not
Whats *Mountague*? it is nor han

D